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1887.
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Establishment
Tiffin, Ohio.

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T. C. TUNISON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE: Shawhan's Block, Up Stairs.
Tiffin, May, 5th, 1887.

J. M. PATTERSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE, opposite Commercial Row.
Tiffin, Nov. 9th, 1887.

W. P. & H. NOBLE.
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OFFICE, one door south of Gallip's Jewellery
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rockers, etc., for sale at
the lowest prices.

THE TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

HOSTILE ALIKE TO THE DESPOT AND DEMAGOGUE. FEARLESS FOR TRUTH, FOR GOD, AND HUMANITY.

VOL. IX,

TIFFIN, OHIO, FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1887.

NO. 26.

Poetry.

Clara to Girls.

The following "good one," was written
by Francis D. Gage. We commend it
to all whom it may concern.

Did you ever see a lady
Look into a stranger's face,
In an omnibus or rail car,
As if saying, Sit, your place?

Did you ever see a lady
Walk up to a church pew door,
Lace, ribbons, all demanding
Xenial-pew, and nothing more?

Did you ever see a lady
Put into an old man's chair,
And impeding age of honor,
Let him stand—no matter where?

Never see the stage coach emptied
For some idiot in her pride,
And the weary men of business,
Tempted out to ride outside?

Never go to hear a lecture,
When some fashionable dandy
Would come in and make a bustle
When you most desired to stand?

Routing half the congregation,
And disturbing all the rest,
As if she was all creation,
Being fashionably dressed?

New girls, if you're so thankful,
So exacting and so free,
Time will come when girls will answer,
Miss, this seat belongs to me.

Never, girls, disturb a lecture,
Church or hall, where, or you go,
Still respect the rights of others—
This is woman's rights, you know.

Miscellaneous.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

Mrs. Tabitha Prynos had the most
fully developed bump of curiosity in the
whole world. It is a known fact among
understanding people, that if a mysterious
neighbor had lived on the farther ex-
tremity of the much-talked-of North-west
passage, Mrs. Prynos would, long ago,
have monopolized Dr. Kane's well-re-
served honor, and discovered the veritable
passage itself, provided the neighbor
at the other end patronized news mes-
sages and believed in green tea and short
cakes. We don't wish to be understood
that this was anything to the disadvan-
tage of Mrs. Prynos—far from it; we
mention it that the reader may know that
we deal only in distinguished charac-
ters.

Once upon a time—a pleasant June
morning, of course—as Mrs. Prynos and
her amiable daughter, Sallie Prynos, were
engaged in the praiseworthy em-
ployment of washing the family linen in
the horse team, which passed by Prynos
place every day on its way to the city,
drew up at the door of the afore-
said place, and Prynos hearing the noise, ha-
stily left her labor, and ran to the window
where, through a hole in the curtain,
she saw a purpose for a peep-hole, as
she confidently informed her daughter,
she saw a strange and soul-absorbing
spectacle! The teamster climbed to the
top of his load and brought down a small
black box, eighteen inches in length by
one foot in height and breadth, and very
carefully deposited it on the front door-
step. Then with an air of one familiar
with such performances, John mounted
his box and drove off again.

Mrs. Prynos could scarcely wait un-
til he was out of sight—she was dying,
she said, to examine that box! Sallie
looked her red hands out of the euds and
after wiping them on a soft towel,
she joined her mother on the door-
step.

Gracious me! what a strange looking
thing, said Sallie, looking at the box.
Papa looked at it, too, and said it was a
curious one! Don't tell it, Sallie, don't.
There's no good about it in my opinion—
like as not it's an eternal machine—such
as we read about last week! Blow up a
man and his wife and barn, you know.
Land of favor! What if it should be one
Don't, Sallie! Don't tell it, I say! No-
body knows but you'd be in the clouds
next minute! Come away from it and be
contented to look!

But Sallie was endowed with no small
share of the Prynos propensity, and not
being allowed to feel of the box, and
having said her rights as much as she
deemed profitable, she knelt down on the
ground at a short distance from the box
and sniffed with considerable empha-
sis.

"Don't smell of nothing that I can see,
said Sallie, turning to her feet, and facing
Mrs. Prynos, and I've a hunch I heard it
said that gunpowder had a strong smell
to—so it's plain enough that it isn't gun-
powder!"

"Ah, Sallie, child, there's no trusting to
pearances; they're deceitful things!—
Just as if a man that knows enough to
make an eternal machine couldn't take
the smell out of gunpowder! You
ain't live in the world long enough to know
everything yet! And Mrs. Prynos, in the
full realization of the awful responsibility
resting upon her as the possessor of
so much knowledge, heaved a deep
sigh.

THE WIFE FOR ME.

BY HULL ALDEN.

Horace Hastings was a sober, sensible
emerging bachelor, of some seven and
twenty years, who, having obtained an
excellent reputation for his industry and
integrity, had made himself useful in a
mercantile firm in Boston with whom he
had served an apprenticeship, was at
length invited to a partnership in the
concern. For some time he had been
encouraged to anticipate this elevation,
and he soberly and anxiously entered
upon the new duties of his position.

When business crowded he had but lit-
tle leisure to morn over his domestic
condition; but when the hurrying season
was over, and house each day hung heavy
on his hands, he could not help thinking
how delightful it would be to have a
house and a gentle wife of his own.
His pecuniary circumstances now war-
ranted such luxuries, and he resolved to
marry when he could find a lady just
suited to the man.

Near a country village in Maine, not
a thousand miles from Bangor, lived an
old friend of his father, and being on a
collecting tour in that region during the
autumn months, he determined to accept
of an invitation to spend a few days
with the old gentleman, and sent a
note announcing his coming.

At the appointed time he reached the
residence of his old friend, and found that
the family were prepared and pleased to
welcome him as a guest. In the parlor
were two young ladies, well dressed and
quite handsome. He was soon intro-
duced to Miss Jane and Charlotte, and
found them accomplished and sensible
young ladies. Being just now very sus-
ceptible to the tender passion, he was
easily pleased, and exerted his powers to
render himself agreeable to the flattered
maiden. He succeeded of course. Sen-
sible men of his age and prospects al-
ways do, if they try. And his eyes,
wandering in conversation, from one
handsome, intelligent face to another, he
caught himself mentally inquiring—
"Which would make the better wife?"

The mother and a neat looking maid
were seen at intervals passing from the
kitchen, preparing the supper. The girls
went out to the table and spread the
white, stainless cloth and arranged the
plates, seemed to do it gracefully and
quietly, as if she had made such duties a
study, as a science and won a partial
glance of admiration as a very neat and
pretty servant—a model of a "help."

Altogether, he thought it was a charm-
ing family. When they sat at a cheerful
supper, and he tasted the light home-
made bread, and the sweet, fresh butter,
and the thinly sliced, home-cured beef,
the hot, well flavored tea, the excellency
and good taste manifested in the whole
ordering, he felt himself happily hav-
ing found so pleasant a home, it was only
for a few days. After supper was
over and the table cleared, a third young
lady, very neatly dressed, entered the
room and was formally introduced to
him. He was not a little surprised to
find that the neat servant girl, whose busi-
ness had won his admiration, was one
of the sisters. He found her brightly
cheerful, accomplished, and he thought
a little more grateful than Jane, who was
the older, or Charlotte who was younger
than herself.

He thought a little more meanly of
himself for having taken her to be a hired
girl in the family, but not a whit
more meanly of her for having herself in
the capacity. And his perplexity was
somewhat increased as he sat down by
her bedside in the chamber to which he
was shown by his host, and said to him-
self—"Which of the three?"

In the morning, after a night's sound
sleep—for he was not sufficiently in love
to keep him awake—he entered the
breakfast room, and was soon joined by
the two young ladies who had first wel-
comed him. Sallie was not yet visible;
but when they sat down at the table, and
Jane laid down the coffee, Sallie came
in smiling behind a clean white apron,
and with a steaming pile of hot, home-
baked cakes in her hand, which she
laid on the table, and she had just begun
baking. If there was a bias on her
check, any eye might perceive that it
was forced there by the fire, and not by
any sense of degradation on account of the
office she gracefully filled. She greeted
the guest with a graceful smile, deposited
her load of edibles, and returned to the
kitchen, whence she tripped again in a
few minutes, with another plate of cakes,
most elegantly baked by her own skill.

Horace ate a large quantity of them,
more than enough merely to satisfy hun-
ger, because of the beautiful little hands
that made them. And then he wandered
over the farm with the old man, and
prayed of horses and cows, and sheep, as
though he knew something about them,
as well as broad cloths and calicoes. At
last, time, Jane and Charlotte were in
the parlor waiting for him and Sallie.
"I do wish," said Jane, "that you would
stay a little longer, so that one of
these girls would take Sallie's place in
the kitchen a little while, while that light-
kind and so much of their housekeeping
qualifies, and that I might have a little more
chat with her."

But he waited for such a change in
vain, though he found some opportuni-
ties of conversing, and discovered all the
wisdom to know just then about her
mental qualifications and acquirements,
and at the close of fourth day, just before
he got into bed, he slipped the white
counterpane emphatically and said—
"There was nobody in the room I suppose
he must have spoken to the counterpane
or the bedpost—"She is the wife for
me."

A Strange Story and Tragedy.

We find in the Nashville Gazette, of
Friday, March 30th, the following ac-
count of one of the most remarkable and
impressive of the bloody dramas peculiar
to the peculiar institution. It is a sad-
ly told, but for tragic interest, for start-
ling incident, beats anything in Uncle
Tom. In it the strangeness of truth,
surpassing that of fiction, is strikingly
manifest.

A tragical affair occurred on the Nash-
ville and Chattanooga Railroad on Mon-
day last, in the neighborhood of Bridge
port, the particulars of which, as far as
we have been able to learn, are as
follows: Two negroes belonging to Mr.
Jones of the Union Hall, left that hotel
on Sunday and were attempting to effect
an escape. One of them was a bright
mulatto, who it seems, endeavored to
pass himself off as a white, the other it
was understood was to act as his servant.
With these preliminaries they came to
Antioch, the first depot on the rail-
road, and at that place the white fugi-
tive purchased a ticket for himself and
valise, who had at first no difficulty in
carrying out their proposed plans. On ar-
riving at the station, where it is custom-
ary to get dinner the white fugitive fol-
lowed the rest of the passengers to the table,
and as far as the eating was concerned,
played his part remarkably well, but did
not appear to possess the urbanity, or in
other words the *swiftness in modo*, which
is peculiar to a majority of the white race,
and instead of making himself "free and
easy" in his new calling, he attracted the
attention of his companions, who soon be-
gan to look at him with an eye of suspi-
cion.

Remark followed remark, until, by
chance, a gentleman from this city was
interrogated as to the mysterious person-
age who occurred in the opinion expres-
sed by others, that he was "very dark,"
but no more than a gentleman of his ac-
quaintance, who, during the Mexican
war, was sold as a negro for a large sum
and at the same time gave the particulars
of the trade which is remembered by the
first regiment of Tennessee Volunteers,
and created so much sport at the expense
of one of our jolly townsmen.

This changed the conversation, and no
more was said about the individual until
all were again seated in the cars, going
at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The
gentleman from this city had occasion to
pass through the cars, and as he approached
the man who had been the subject of
so much remark, he recognized an old
familiar face, and immediately col-
lared him, asking him where he intended
going. This simple remark drew out a story
so close, for so soon as the question was
put, the negro who had a pistol concealed
under his blanket, discharged it, the con-
tents of which were lodged in his side.
Not receiving his death instantly, he then
took a dirk from his bosom, and out his
throat, and in a few minutes, he who at
first was supposed to be a dark-skinned
man was a dead negro. The other negro
was taken in charge who explained every-
thing, and was tied and brought back to
this city. Thus ends this "strange event-
ful chapter."

The Nashville Banner gives addi-
tional particulars. It says of the runaway:
"It appears that they intended to get on
the night train to Chattanooga, but ar-
rived a moment too late. They took the
train or foot, and proceeding a few miles,
secreted themselves until Monday night
in a thicket. They then appeared at An-
tioch when the night train came along,
and the yellow man purchased tickets for
himself and servant for Chattanooga. The
trick was not detected—Levi passed as
a white man, and took his supper at
the same table with the other passengers,
ordered food for his servant at a side table.
The attention of Mr. Charles Fox, mer-
chant of this city, who was on board, on
his way to New York, was attracted to
Levi, and after a little scrutiny he recog-
nized him, though disguised in a fine
suit of clothes. Mr. Fox, on Tuesday
morning before reaching Chattanooga,
questioned Levi, and becoming satisfied
that he was a runaway, and collared
him and intimated that he was a prison-
er. Levi was wrapped in a blanket, and
he managed to draw a pistol from his
bosom without the movement being no-
ticed, and turning the muzzle upon his
abdomen fired and fell upon his head. Mr.
Fox and other passengers fled in an oppo-
site direction, under the impression that
he was firing at them, and when they
turned back he had drawn a bowie knife
and cut his throat, and was a corpse."

"Out of the Mouth of Babies,"
etc.
In the Charleston Mercury we find the
following amusing observations:
"Pride of opinion and arrogance of judg-
ment in a judiciary, coupled with how-
ever much integrity and even learning
is a dangerous thing to the community
when it leads to usurpation."
The remark was called forth by a re-
cent decision of the Supreme Court of
South Carolina, in a will case. A sim-
ilar comment in a Black Republican sheet
upon the decision in the Dred Scott case
is attested by the Border-ruffian jour-
nals as no better than flat treason.

Another sentence in the same pa-
graph is pertinent to the judgment in the
Dred Scott case:
"A court which will not respect its own
decisions, but is liable to alter them with
every new occasion or change of judges,
exceeds the limits of its legitimate pro-
vince, and must breed great uncertainty
and mischief in the court."

When prosperity was well mounted,
she let go the bridle, and soon came tum-
bling out of the saddle.
A young lawyer recently put his spir-
itual column out of joint in trying to draw
a conclusion.

Position in Sleeping.

It is better to go to sleep on the right
side, for then the stomach is very
much in the position of the bottle turned
upside down, and the contents are aided
in passing out by gravitation. If you
go to sleep on the left side, the para-
lysis of emptying the stomach of its con-
tents is more like drawing water from a
well. After going to sleep, let the body
take its own position. If you sleep on
your back, especially after eating a heavy
meal, the weight of the digestive or-
gans, and that of the food, resting on the
great vein of the body, near the back
bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow
of the blood more or less. If the arrest
is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and the
pleasant dreams in your slumber. If
the meal has been hearty or recent, the
arrest is more decided, and the various
sensations, such as, falling over pre-
cipices, or the pursuit of some wild beast,
or other impending danger, and the de-
perate effort to get rid of it, crosses us.

That sends on the stagnating blood
and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or
perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, ac-
cording to the degree of stagnation, and
the length and strength of the effort
made to escape the danger. But when
we are not able to escape the danger, and
fall over the precipice, when the tum-
bling building crumbles to the earth, what
then? That is death. That is the death
of those of whom it is said when found
lifeless in their bed in the morning there
were all as well as they were the day be-
fore, and often it is added, and, alas, less
than common. This last, as a frequent
cause of death to those who give more
to bed well to wake no more, we have men-
tioned as a private opinion. The possibility
of its truth is enough to deter any ration-
al man from a late or a heavy meal. This
we do know with certainty, that waking
up in the night with painful diarrhea, or
cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death
in a very short time, is probably trace-
able to a late large meal. The truly wise
will take the safer side. For persons who
eat three times a day, it is amply suffi-
cient to make the last meal of cold bread
and butter and a cup of some warm drink.
No one can starve on it, while a persever-
ance in the habit soon brings a vigorous
appetite for breakfast, so promising of a
day of comfort.

The Arkansas Judiciary.

Quis, the Arkansas correspondent of
the New Orleans Picayune, balances his
account with Louisiana, by telling the fol-
lowing joke on the Arkansas Judiciary:

Some years ago a man without family
or relations lived in a county in this State
and was possessed of an estate worth
\$30000. He went to New Orleans, and
was gone about four years without being
heard from. The Probate Judge granted
administration on his estate without in-
quiry, and discharged the Administrator. The
man returned, had been to Mexico, ap-
plied to the judge for his property, when
in open court the following dialogue took
place.

Dead Man—If your honor please, I
want my effects returned to me, as you
see I am not dead.
Court—I know that, but as a man, that
you are alive and in court; but as a court
I know that you are dead, for the re-
cords of this court say so, and against
their verity there can be no averment; so
says Lord Coke, and a good many other
books I never read.

Dead Man—But I want my property,
and its no matter to me whether your
records lie or not. I am alive, have not
transferred my property, and to deprive
me of it against my consent is against all
law.
Court—If you insinuate that the re-
cords of this court lie, this court will send
you to jail.
Dead Man—Send a dead man to jail?
Court—Mr. Sheriff, take this apparition
out!

Sheriff—Be thou ghost or goblin dam-
ned, I'll speak to thee! let's go and take
something to drink.
The judge stuck to it that to do for his
court was concerned, he was dead, and
—if he shouldn't stay dead, and the
poor fellow went into chancery and
spent all he had made in Mexico, and the
rest.

An Inventory of the Cabinet.
The New York Herald has been taking
an inventory of the private fortunes of
the members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet,
and gives the following magnificent sum-
ming-up. It says:
Most of the members of the present
Cabinet are wealthy, and as a unit they
represent an aggregate wealth of some
four and a half millions of dollars.
It may be thus divided among them:
Linn Cass, say \$2,000,000
Howell Cobb, 500,000
Jacob Thompson, 1,000,000
John B. Floyd, 500,000
Montgomery Blair, 500,000
Total, \$4,500,000

The President is also a very rich man;
and according to the Herald's theory,
that wealth makes men honest, by de-
stroying the temptation to steal, it logi-
cally follows that we shall have an honest
administration. But if this principle,
adds the Herald, is to be carried out in
all the departments of government, there
none but the rich should receive appoint-
ments to responsible offices; and ulti-
mately it might lead to the abolition of all
offices for government services; and estab-
lish what we are fast approaching, the
oligarchy of Gold. Does there anybody
suppose is an office in the gift of the
people (or sale rather) than any person
might not obtain, provided he had the
money to pay for it?